



10-5-1905

The Independent, V. 31, Thursday, October 5, 1905, [Whole Number: 1579]

The Independent

Follow this and additional works at: <https://digitalcommons.ursinus.edu/independent>

 Part of the [American Politics Commons](#), [Cultural History Commons](#), [Social History Commons](#), and the [United States History Commons](#)

[Click here to let us know how access to this document benefits you.](#)

Recommended Citation

Independent, The, "The Independent, V. 31, Thursday, October 5, 1905, [Whole Number: 1579]" (1905). *The Independent Newspaper, 1898-1952*. 382.

<https://digitalcommons.ursinus.edu/independent/382>

This Newspaper is brought to you for free and open access by the Historic Trappe at Digital Commons @ Ursinus College. It has been accepted for inclusion in The Independent Newspaper, 1898-1952 by an authorized administrator of Digital Commons @ Ursinus College. For more information, please contact aprock@ursinus.edu.

ESTABLISHED
1875.
Whole Number:
1579

THE WEEKLY COLLEGEVILLE, PA.

THURSDAY, OCTOBER 5, 1905

VOLUME THIRTY-ONE.

ACCEPT THE TRUTH WHEREVER FOUND.

DARE TO MAINTAIN THE TRUTH.

1.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

BY MOTOR BOAT

By ELLIS JEROME

"I do not see," declared Burton Ashley, "that the possession of a motor boat necessarily renders me unfit to be Molly's husband."

"It's not that," explained the banker, "but what I represent. The man who marries John Langdon's daughter must be the sort of man who can look after John Langdon's money and not fritter it away on toys."

"The automobile was regarded as a plaything at first. Now it fills a useful purpose. It will be the same story about motor boats."

"Well," said Langdon, "when you can show me that a motor boat is really useful you may ask Molly's hand again. Meanwhile I repeat that the man who marries my daughter must be able to look after my money."

"You do not expect Molly to marry a confidential clerk, do you?" demanded Ashley.

"Not exactly that," explained Langdon, "but I want her to marry a man who can look after her fortune."

"Suppose," suggested Burton, "that you give me Molly and make some other disposition of your funds. I have enough for two."

"You won't have long at this rate," growled Langdon, "spending your father's money for toy boats."

Ashley rose to his feet. "We seem to be arguing in a circle," he said quietly. "I guess I had better be going. I am to understand that the question may be reopened when I have shown you that a motor boat is of some use."

"If you can," retorted Langdon. "Good morning."

Burt strode out of the bank and up the street. He could not understand Langdon's prejudice. The older Ashley had left him a comfortable fortune well invested. He contented himself with the thought that a motor boat was of some use.

How People Bothered Owen.

Owen was known to all circles possessing the slightest tincture of science as the man who could reconstruct an entire extinct animal if he gave him the fragment of a fossil tooth. The public would not buy his books, but they showed their appreciation of his genius in various simple minded fashions. All reports about the sea serpent were referred to him for examination.

People who fancied that they had found live toads imbedded in rock or coal went to ask him what he thought of it. One day, just as he was setting out to keep a dinner engagement, he was detained for half an hour by a note from a stranger wanting to know whether something he had found in a sausage was or was not the tooth of a dinosaur. He was called at the door and asked to see the tooth of a dinosaur. To the credit of the sausage vendor it proved to be the tooth of a sucking pig.

On another occasion, Earl Russell, having received a present from President Grant what purported to be a bear hair, sent the bone for examination to Owen. One is sorry to hear that the great anatomist at once pronounced it to be the bone of an ordinary pig—London Academy.

His Modest Epitaph.

There are those who take the precaution to buy their own monuments and tombstones and write their epitaphs themselves. What special comfort can get out of this is not clear, but that is their business. We recall, for instance, a fellow of a fellow who had been found guilty of a very cruel murder in one of the Connecticut towns and was sentenced to die on the gallows. A few days before his execution he was called at the cell and asked whether there was anything he wanted to have done with him to have done in postmortem arrangements. The man said that he would leave with the lawyer a sum sufficient for the purchase of a stone to be erected at the head of the grave and bearing the simple inscription: "Sacred to the memory of — Died — (name and date we omit). Of such is the kingdom of heaven."—Buffalo Commercial.

Woman's Visual Angle.

"Have you eyes in the back of your head?" asked a country doctor of a woman, and the woman promptly replied that she had. She was perfectly right. Take any average man and any average woman, question them as to the dress and deportment of the people in any assembly where they were together, and you will find that the woman has seen more than the man, for woman has been compelled to enlarge the angle of her vision and to see all around her hat without shifting an eye.

From an early age instinct tells the girl, and convention seals the instinct, that she must not look directly at the man in the street, therefore the honest woman walks through London looking straight ahead. The direct look at the stranger is forbidden, yet human curiosity compels, so develops and enlarges that angle of vision, for no woman will deliberately blind herself, and therefore by continual exercise those calm conventional eyes that look to the horizon and the infinite have trained themselves to see the world out of the corners—obliquely.—London Chronicle.

Be Ready For the Opportunity.

People are apt to think that, though their actual lives are poor and self centered and such as they are half ashamed of, if some great crisis arose they would be able to doubt their halting will and raise themselves to its height. Yes, no doubt. Only life's sternest calls never come in any such fashion. Things don't arrange themselves for us to gather up our feeble will and settle with our souls that we will be heroes. They come hard and sharply, testing not what we are resolved to be, but simply what we are. We have a sort of feeling that it is the opportunity that makes the man. Not so. The opportunity only shows him for what he is, and the spirit of prompt duty, of quick, instinctive loyalty to right under whatever temptation may ever come, may be cultivated and grow to the very capacity for heroism even in life's lowliest place and poorest work.

J. W. ROYER, M. D.,
Practising Physician,
TRAPPE, Pa. Office at his residence, nearly opposite Masonic Hall.

M. Y. WEBER, M. D.,
Practising Physician,
EVANSBURG, Pa. Office Hours: Until 9 a. m. 7 to 9 p. m. Keystone Phone No. 17.

E. A. KRUSEN, M. D.,
Homeopathic Physician,
COLLEGEVILLE, Pa. Office Hours: Until 9 a. m. 6 to 8 p. m.

S. B. HORNING, M. D.,
Practising Physician,
EVANSBURG, Pa. Telephone Office. Office Hours until 9 a. m.

J. H. HAMER, M. D.,
Homeopathic Physician,
COLLEGEVILLE, Pa. Office Hours: Until 10 a. m. From 9 to 10 p. m. Special attention given to ear, nose and throat diseases. 234a.

HARVEY L. SHOMO,
Attorney-at-Law,
AND NOTARY PUBLIC,
ROYERSFORD, Pa. Norrisstown Office: 321 Swede St. All business entrusted to my care will receive prompt attention. Loans negotiated. Both Offices.

HERBERT C. MOORE,
Attorney-at-Law,
ALBERTSON TRUST CO. BUILDING,
306 SWIDE ST., NORRISTOWN, PA.
Bell and Keystone Phones. 5-15.

MAYNE L. LONGSTRETH,
Attorney-at-Law,
AND NOTARY PUBLIC. No. 712 Cross Building, 120 Chestnut St., Phila., Pa.
Long Distance Telephone. Home No. 5025. Also member of the Montgomery County Bar.

JOSEPH S. KRATZ,
Attorney-at-Law,
1009 COMMONWEALTH BUILDING, 12th and CHESTNUT STREETS,
Philadelphia.
Telephones.

JOHN S. HUNSICKER,
Justice of the Peace,
RAHN STATION, PA. Conveyancer and General Business Agent. Clearing of sales attended to. Charges reasonable.

ARTHUR G. ASH,
Justice of the Peace,
Real Estate and General Business Agent,
TRAPPE, PA. All kinds of real estate sold on commission. Real estate purchased. Money loaned.

JOHN H. CASSELMERY,
Surveyor & Conveyancer,
All kinds of legal papers drawn. The clerk of the court a specialty. P.O. Address: Lower Providence, Pa. Residence: Evansburg, Pa. 150c.

DR. FRANK BRANDRETH,
DENTIST,
ROYERSFORD, PA. Practical Dentistry at home prices.

DR. S. D. CORNISH,
DENTIST,
COLLEGEVILLE, PA.
First-class Workmanship Guaranteed; Gas administered. Prices Reasonable. Keystone Phone No. 40.

DR. E. F. PLACE,
Dentist,
200 MAIN AND DEKALB STREETS,
NORRISTOWN, PA.
Keystone 303 and 305. E. Entrance, Main Street. Telephone No. 75. Trunk, East Street.

A. B. PARKER,
Optician,
210 DEKALB ST., NORRISTOWN, PA.
KEYSTONE PHONE NO. 277.
Eyes examined. Consultation free.

F. W. SCHWENK,
Shaving Parlor,
Collegeville, Pa.
Finest grades of cigars and tobacco always on hand.

DAVID CULP,
Blacksmith and Horseshoer,
At shop formerly occupied by Jonathan Davis, Collegeville, Pa. Good workman and reasonable prices. Patronage solicited.

E. S. POLEY,
Contractor and Builder,
TRAPPE, PA.
Prompt and accurate in building construction. Estimates cheerfully furnished. 5-23.

M. N. HARNDT,
Brick and Stone Masonry,
CEMENTING, CONCRETING, ETC. Estimates cheerfully furnished and good work guaranteed. SPECIAL ATTENTION TO JOBBING.

F. S. KOONS,
Slater and Roofer,
And dealer in Slate, Slate Flashing, Grey Stone, etc. Estimates furnished. Work contracted at lowest prices. 110c.

EDWARD DAVID,
Painter and Paper-Hanger,
COLLEGEVILLE, PA. Samples of paper always on hand.

U. S. G. FINKBNER,
ROYERSFORD, PA.
(Formerly Cashier of the National Bank of Royersford, successor to David Springer.)
REAL ESTATE AND INSURANCE; Mutual and Stock Companies represented. Maturity of all policies written by Mr. Springer will be carefully watched and cheerfully renewed at Life and Accident Insurance. Investments and Loans. Notary Public. 15c.

O. L. EVANS,
Attorney-at-Law,
322 SWIDE STREET,
NORRISTOWN, PA.

DR. GEO. M. MAXWELL,
DENTIST,
310 HIGH STREET, POTTSVILLE, PA.
Office Hours: Thursday, 7 p. m. to 8 p. m. Friday, 7:30 a. m. to 9 p. m. Saturday, 10 a. m. to 1 p. m. 14c.

J. G. LUTZ,
MERCHANT TAILOR,
378 HIGH STREET, POTTSVILLE, PA.
Repairing, cleaning, altering and pressing. Reference—Hill School, Pottsville.

Parshall's Waitress
By Dorothy Bayard
Copyright, 1905, by E. S. McClure

No one ever found out just why the 120 train from Shady-side happened to arrive on time. Such a thing never had been heard of before, and it certainly had not happened since, but Rensselaer Parshall, taking advantage of the train's well established reputation, arrived at the station at half past 1 and found there would be no train until 8 o'clock.

"But they told me that the train never was on time," he spluttered to the station agent.

"Not since the road's been built," agreed that functionary, "but she came in on time today, maybe"—consoling—"the three '11s' be on time too."

Parshall strolled out upon the station platform. It was his first visit east in

English Traffic Dogs.

Truffle dogs are very jealous workers. If one were to make himself too officious his companion would fall on and worry him. All the truffles do not grow underground, and in such a case the first few are gathered by the dogs from the surface. Occasionally the man is able to pick one or two himself. They are not quite ready for taking, however. No animal seems to be attracted by truffles until they are of a certain size. The scent comes only when they are ripe. A copse may be hunted one day till apparently every truffle has been collected, and yet if visited after a short interval will probably yield as many as before. They are mature the dogs cannot find them.

Every time a truffle is found the dogs stop and look at the pocket where the bread is in a begging attitude and do not move again till after the "truffle." Food is doled out in the tiniest morsels, and yet before the day is over, though they still mechanically ask for the reward, they cease to eat it. They are a curious and restless creature, and the assiduity of one in particular is extraordinary. I have seen her work from dawn until dark, collecting in that time nearly eight pounds of truffles, and yet with as much briskness and public ones with her for the last as for the first. "She has the brains of a whole litter in her," says the owner gravely. Her mother had only one puppy at her birth, and he sincerely believed that the talents which might have been divided between five or six were concentrated in one.—Longman's Magazine.

Jean Antoinette Fabron.

In reply to the question, "What man or woman, not monarch or acknowledged ruler, has wielded the most despotic power?" a writer says no single individual has ever equalled or even approached Jean Antoinette Fabron, the most famous among the train of Louis XV. of France, who was created Marquis de Pompadour and for twenty years swayed the whole policy of France. She ruled with public ones with her own nominees and made her own creatures ministers of France. She it was who brought Belle Isle into office, with his vigorous policy, and introduced the Abbe de Bernis into office to work her own pleasure. Previous to 1750 the policy of France had been to weaken Austria by alliance with Germany. This was arbitrarily changed because Frederick the Great lampooned her, and because Maria Theresa wrote her a courteous letter entered into an alliance with Austria, ultimately, as it turned out, in the Seven Years' war. She, moreover, corresponded with the king in the field, prepared all business for the king's eye and daily examined the letters sent through the post. The king was a mere puppet, who assisted at the spectacle of his own reign, and the people for the time being "bowed down and worshipped" her.

Wild Men of Australia.

An explorer in the wilds of northern Australia writes: "While at work one day Mr. Hingston found an aboriginal dwelling which revealed evidence of architectural design seldom displayed by Australian aborigines. It was evidently a main camping foot, oval in shape, about sixteen feet long and fourteen feet high. It was built of layers of straw interlarded with a good stiff clay. Small openings as windows were numerous all round the sides. The door was the only drawback. It was a mere burrow hole about one foot from the ground, and one was compelled to crawl in on all fours to enter this primitive type of mansion. When we cleared the river we anchored at Black Island. Sealing some of the blacks on the beach we went to interview them. They were apparently frightened, however, and abandoned the canoes on which they were at work and cleared into the bush. Care was taken not to interfere with their possessions, and pipes and tobacco were left where the natives could find them. Rambling about we came upon an open

dared not," he pleaded.

"Did you suppose that I—what no one else cared?" Her voice broke a little.

"And you did care?" he asked softly.

"It hurts me to think that you could leave in that fashion."

"But I could not ask you to go with me."

"No?" There was just a trace of contempt in her tones.

"You were rich," he explained. "They would have said that I was marrying you for your money."

"That," she suggested, "would not have lasted long."

"Now," he said triumphantly, "I can ask you for your hand, and getting only that, get what is worth more to me than the millions your father used to possess."

"Yes?" she admitted inquiringly.

"And your answer?" he pressed.

"I think," she said, "if I were asked I should say no."

"If you promise to marry me," said Parshall's face fell.

"Nan," he said softly, "the night before I left, your father said that he would never give his daughter to any one save a man as rich as himself. It was said conversationally, but the personal application was too pointed to be ignored."

"And you went away, not caring about me, not even giving me a chance to say good-bye?"

"But your father said your sentiments were the same as his own. How was I to know?"

"Point heart never won fair lady," she quoted.

"I know it," he said humbly. "That was my error once. This time I shall not make the same mistake. Now I am going to carry you, by force, if necessary, to the nearest minister."

"But the store!" she cried.

"Never mind the store. Let the proprietor take care of it."

"But she is ill!" murmured Nan.

"Won't you wait, Ren?"

"After this I promise to marry me when the store closes," he promised.

"You see," she explained, "Mrs. Bedall is ill, and that's why I have taken charge. I belong to the church guild."

"You're not a regular waitress?"

"I've been waiting for three years, dear," she whispered softly, and Parshall understood.

"After this," he promised, "you shall wait upon me, not for me."

And she sealed the promise with a kiss.

space of considerable extent marked out in large squares with stone, on which were planted, three to five feet high, five or six hollow posts, which were stuffed full of human bones. All the posts were painted red. We doubtless had stumbled upon a sacred spot. There were some nice skulls, but not a thing was interfered with.

"A few miles up the river we struck a big camp of natives, but they cleared into the bush as soon as they caught sight of us. We waited some time at the camp, and the blacks returned, satisfied that we did not intend mischief. The usual presents of tobacco and pipes were given, and they were received with the greatest satisfaction. Indeed, we became perfect friends for the time being. To seal the friendship, or, perchance, it may have been the native fashion of 'looking toward you,' a great buck of mine with a wooden vessel shaped like a canoe in his hand and full of honey. I noticed on the top a ball of grass. The chap held the honey to me, but I shook my head, so he took the ball of grass, which he put into his mouth. After sucking it dry he put it back into the honey, and when nicely soaked offered it to me again. He evidently wished me to follow his example, but I pressed. There was a fine ignara on the fire, just nicely cooked. This I did try, and it was really good—just like chicken."

"Don't you think he's rather small for a pony?" she hazarded.

"Well, he must have—er—something." His eyes were beginning to look helpless. "The old colored woman that keeps house for me could look after his bodily comfort, but I don't imagine she could do much in the training line." The doctor's thoughts had evidently become overwhelming.

"Don't make a lot of things you think about during school hours," Miss Mary's suggestion seemed a combination of the wisdom of Solomon and the spirit of the Delphic oracle to the bemuddled doctor.

"Recommend me to a woman for brains any day, Miss Mary," he said, in relief, as he took up his hat to leave.

"That child seems to need some clothes or something," he told her a week later when he met her coming from the postoffice. "I don't seem to be able to make him look fixed up. Could you make a lot of things you think about during school hours?"

"You ought to have to have I'm going into the city, tomorrow, and I want to fix the little chap out decently. I'm going to take out the regular adoption papers. Malcolm Morton—I rather like the sound of it," he said musingly, opening the front gate for her and following her into the house upon his own invitation.

"Lend me your notebook and pencil."

She sent herself gaily to a little table. "I don't believe an old maid of thirty-five has much more wisdom concerning the needs of a small boy than an old bachelor of forty-five," she suggested.

"Put down one of those little fat blue caps with an anchor worked on it first," said Dr. Morton.

"And a dark blue blouse suit to go with it," added Miss Mary, jotting down the two items.

"And properly unlimited number of shoes, from all I've heard on the subject." He sat with his chin propped in the palm of his hand, his eyes abstractedly fixed upon the picture of General Lee that hung above the mantelpiece.

"We might limit him to two pairs for a beginning." The woman made little meditative pencilings up and down the margin.

"I think I'll add a football and a fairy tale book to amuse him," she added, surveying the list, which had almost reached the page limit.

The doctor gasped. "I can't read fairy tales to five-year-old children. I'd feel foolish." He lost his abstracted look and ran his fingers through his graying hair.

"But you know you are a family man now," she reminded, with a little murmur of reproachful enjoyment. "You must expect to meet with new difficulties. I wouldn't let a few fairy tales bother me." Her eyes twinkled at him in her badgering.

"Give me that list," he suddenly demanded, taking the paper and pencil from her. "You've left off one of the most important items. There's something else I want to get him."

He scribbled it in a few moments.

"A mother!" she read in astonishment and looked into his face with startled eyes.

"Don't you think he ought to have a mother?" she asked indignantly.

"Ter-haps." She seemed suddenly bereft of ideas for conversation.

He leaned forward and took both her hands in his. The notebook and pencil fell unnoticed to the floor.

"I seem to be developing a regular mania for being a family man," he said enthusiastically, "and you know you could read fairy tales better than I could. Won't you be part of my family?" His voice was full of boyish hope.

The little smile around the corners of her mouth was more expressive than ever.

"Get a marriage license first," he said joyfully, "and then we will have the papers of adoption made out in both our names."

Adopting Malcolm
By TROY ALLISON
Copyright, 1905, by K. A. Whitehead

The doctor walked through the dew damp grass and weeds where his horse had been patiently waiting all the hours he had struggled to keep Mackenzie living.

He stood in the heart of the great Swamp, looking disconsolately at the place. They rose in majestic challenge of the swampy expanse that had crept gradually beyond its limits and forced its marbled, knobby knees across the high water line.

The doctor had never before been in the swamp at 5 o'clock in the morning; its weird influence seemed even more oppressive in the early gray light. After fighting all night and losing the damp tropical exuberance of the place made him feel helpless; a luxurious force of nature—he felt his skill and science were small factors with which to fight.

Mackenzie had seemed out of place in a lumber camp. The doctor had been called into the camp several months before, when one of the lumbermen had been caught under a falling tree. He had noticed the quiet assistance he had given with the wounded man and the consciousness of his orders to the Canadians who made up the camp.

Afterward an intimacy had arisen between them, an attachment the doctor never had felt for any other man, and in spite of the best efforts of his science, Mackenzie lay dead in the tent, a victim of swamp fever.

He unfastened the bridle rein and had put his foot in the stirrup to mount when a little voice from a shadowy bush growth called him pitifully.

"May I go to daddy now, Dr. Morton?" the child asked eagerly. "I've been waiting and waiting."

The doctor's throat twitched uncomfortably. "I had forgotten you existed, Malcolm." He eyed the small boy in front of him, whose mere existence took the form of a gigantic problem. He stooped over suddenly and raised him to the saddle in front of him.

"I'll take you home with me to breakfast," he said shortly. "I'll bring you back to your father later."

At 10 o'clock Dr. Morton knocked on the door of the cottage where the village schoolteacher boarded.

"The only fortunate thing I can see about the whole affair, Miss Gregory, is that today is Saturday and you are at liberty to take time to discuss the problem with me," he said disconsolately.

Mary Gregory's quiet little smile always had a soothing effect upon the doctor's nerves.

"And he has no relatives living, you say?" she asked.

"Not one. I have often heard Mackenzie say that he and the little chap were the last of the family. By George, I'll adopt him," the doctor flung, a flush of determination rising to his face. "Here I am, an old bachelor of forty-five, without kith or kin. I'll adopt him," he repeated.

Miss Gregory's thin little face wore a pink flush. "I always knew you were the kindest man living," she said.

He gave a little deprecating cough.

"But I don't know what on earth I'll do with him." He collapsed helplessly. "I might get him a pony," he added rather aimlessly.

Miss Gregory's quiet little smile peeped around the corners of her mouth.

PATRIOTIC OLE BULL.

The Greatest Political Influence in Modern Norway.

What was it that made Ole Bull undeniably the greatest political influence in the history of modern Norway? The riddle to way it rests. Although he voted the peasants, his own voice was that of no peasant, but one of the most severely learned of European utterances. His instrumental mastery was complete, and the technical difficulties of his compositions have left them for the most part unperformable. But Mozart was his chosen theme, worshipped with such an ardor of consecration that the whole range of his work had for him no secret. His fame, therefore, was of that order that opens all doors. Statesmen and chief capitalists like Bismarck and Von Moltke were his intimates, and he was their confidant in the most secret of their affairs. Indeed, a curious physical resemblance between Liszt and himself led to many amusing contretemps on this score and, moreover, diplomats and great nobles were all proud to name him among their friends. In him, then, Norway had found one who could stand for her in the highest ranks of the nation, for her her secrets of statecraft and recovery in her behalf the trick of thinking like a king. For this is one of the losses entailed on a people who are governed by foreigners from a foreign seat—that they forget to think of the country as a whole, the habit that is the secret of rulers.

Yet it was only as a man and not by any means as a politician that an autocrat could claim the friendship of the distinguished artist. His own sovereign felt that he had cause for grave offense when the news reached Stockholm, in 1848, of his heading a procession in Paris to present the Norwegian colors to the monarch. But even royal anger could not resist the good stories told on the next visit, and the king stood biting his lip at the careless bonhomie of Ole Bull as he turned suddenly and said, "By the way, sir, you should have been with us the other day in Paris when we went to acclaim Lamartine."—Margaret E. Noble in Century.

WOMEN'S WEAR IN WARTIME

Homemade Cloth of Many Kinds.

Scraped Horn For Hats.

We had one cotton mill to spin the warp. The rest of the cloth was made of a bunch of cotton for warp. The filling was yarn, cotton, flax and tow. We got our dyestuff from the forest. It was almost as bad on timber as the timber trade in Norway. There was great rivalry among the women to see who could have the prettiest dress. I have a quilt made of cotton and linen called a "Confederate" quilt.

The clothing for every member of the family was made from the raw material, carded, spun, woven, dyed and made with homespun thread.

The tow linen cloth had one peculiarity. It was a great stretcher. It was often exchanged for other things. A man and his wife started to town with cloth sufficient to get some articles. On the way he remembered he needed a gilet also. He told his wife. They decided to do the ends of the cloth into two saplings, he to stretch a gilet out of it.

I took great interest in the silk industry. We fed the worms on mulberry leaves, and those beautiful silks we did have a bright spot in a cotton dress made of very fine. A family made gloves, beautiful silk mitts, with bees embroidered on the back. Nothing went to waste. The thorn trees furnished up spinning for other things. Our millinery was our crowning effort. Hats were made of cotton thread cropped, put on a block, stretched very stiff and ironed, then wired. We had homemade flowers and all kinds of material for trimming. A cloth frame made stiff and covered with scraped cow's horn was much admired, if it did look like a coconut cake.—Charlotte (N. C.) Observer.

This Stream Runs Up Hill.

One of the few instances of a stream running up hill can be found in White County, Ga. Near the top of a mountain a spring issues from a cave, and the water rushes from it with sufficient force to carry it up the side of a very steep hill for nearly half a mile. Reaching the crest, the water flows on to the east, and eventually finds its way to the Atlantic Ocean. Of course it is of the same nature as a geyser, but the spectacle of a stream of water flowing up a steep incline can probably be found nowhere else in the country and appears to be a very remarkable phenomenon than the geyser of the Yellowstone.

Overconfidence.

It is a dangerous point in any man's career when he feels sure of his position or of his fame. Overconfidence is the first sign of a decline. We do our best work when we are struggling for our position, when we are trying with all our might to gain our ambition, and then that which the heart longs for.—Success Magazine.

The Real Test.

"Is he a thoroughly honest man?" We don't know, answered the man from Missouri. "I have trusted him with hundreds of thousands of dollars, but I never tried him with a book or an umbrella."—Washington Star.

Not Too Restful.

"The rest cure," said the pale faced man wearily, as he stopped to reply to the question of an inquisitive friend, "is not all a fancy painted it. Here is how it worked out in my case."

"At 7:30 a. m. the nurse came to take my temperature, at 8 I had to take a bath and breathing exercise, then came medicine, after which followed breakfast, a visit from the resident physician, a massage, a visit from my own doctor, a slight operation to test the purity or otherwise of my blood, more medicine, dinner, a visit from another patient, letters and tradesmen's bills, electrical treatment, best tea, more medicine, another visit from the physician, a cold pack and a glass of milk."

"That's how the day passed. At 8 I was thoroughly exhausted and went to sleep, the first real application of the 'rest cure' I had known since morning."

"Rest cure," growled. And he passed on with a grin.—London Mail.

Pairing in Parliament.

The custom of pairing is quite unknown to the forms of parliament itself. Any mention of it within either chamber would be altogether out of order, but there is a pleasant fiction that it is a purely private arrangement to be made at the discretion of those concerned. This is true enough to a limited extent and for a short time, but pairing on any great party division cannot be lighted on in any case, and member who desires to pair at such a time will find that this can only be done safely through the whips and not at all unless some really good reason can be given for absence.—London Times.

THE TINT CRAPT THEMSELVES WITH THIS BRAYT VIBRATIONS, BUT FORCED AHEAD, with looking after these interests and devoted the rest of his time to his automobile and his motor boat.

The boat was the first one on the lake, and to the people in the little town of Arundel it seemed the height of extravagance to have spent several thousand dollars upon the shell-like craft with the high power engines.

That John Langdon, practically the owner of the First National bank, should have shared this belief was inexplicable to Burton. The banker should have had greater breadth.

The week that followed was exceedingly miserable for Burt. He saw but little of Molly Langdon, and those interviews were too painful to be pleasant. Molly was a dutiful daughter and would not consent to a marriage without her father's approval, and yet her coaxing was of no avail when she reached the subject to her parent.

To make matters worse, there were rumors that the bank was not altogether sound. These reports annoyed Molly, who had her father's assurance that the bank was solvent, but he was unable to combat the growing report.

The rum came some ten days after Ashley's interview. Molly went to the bank one morning to find a long string of depositors before the paying teller's window and her father pacing the floor of his private office, white and haggard.

"Is it very bad?" she whispered as she entered his room.

"Bad?" he echoed. "It's ruin unless we can meet this thing."

"Haven't you the funds?"

"Not in ready money. We cannot keep paying out for more than an hour and a half. We need at least \$100,000 more."

"And you cannot get it?"

"Not in time. We can get it here by evening, but it is on deposit with the Bank of Trust, and to bring it around the lake by a special train even would require three hours."

"And Owing only eight miles across the lake," mused Molly. "Why not use a boat?"

"We telegraphed to Osage, but there is not even a tug, and it would take a man hours to row across in this weather."

"Molly's face brightened. 'Give me an order for the money,' she cried. 'Telephone the bank to send the money to the steamer wharf, and I'll have her inside of an hour.'"

"Do you mean it?" demanded her father. Now that once Molly had extricated him from an embarrassment. "I do," she declared. Five minutes later she was speeding out of the bank past the growing line of depositors.

Burton Ashley was waiting for her at the corner with his auto panting at the curb. "Jump in and take me down to the boathouse," she cried. "I'll explain on the way down."

As the machine sped over the smooth road she explained the situation to Burt. Osage, where the surplus cash

was eight miles across the lake, but it was an eighty mile run by railroad on account of the dip of the lake. The only hope for the First National lay in the motor boat.

It was not long before Burton was ready for the trip, and the trim little craft was speeding across the lake at a twenty mile speed in spite of the choppy waves through which a rowboat would have labored ponderously.

Burt had all of the power on, and the tiny craft trembled with the heavy vibrations, but forged ahead, pushing her way through the rough water as if aware that her own reputation and Burton's happiness depended upon her work.

They were met at the Osage wharf by a very much astonished clerk, who was assisted by two policemen in guarding a pile of bags and bundles.

A few words of explanation, the trunk pressed ready and the boat was loaded for the return trip.

It was harder work returning, for there was weight to carry, but Burt forced the boat ahead at full speed, unmindful of the occasional wave he stopped the clock on the bank before he told him that he was making time, and he forged ahead.

The spectacle of Burt Ashley drawing up to the curb in front of the bank in his motor boat, accompanied by Molly Langdon, whose return spring costume was in odd contrast to his water splashed bathing suit, was a sight sufficiently strange to draw from their depots. The silence of the banks of coin and bills being carried into the bank was still more efficacious in suppressing the rum, and twenty minutes later the bank was empty save for the occasional depositor.

The room Burt sat in one of the leather chairs. "And that was how it was done," he concluded, "twenty-four minutes going, twenty-eight for the return trip and the rest of the time was on the road or spent in stopping."

John Langdon rose awkwardly from his chair. "I think June is a good month for weddings," he said irrelevantly.

Burt and Molly agreed with him.

How People Bothered Owen.

Owen was known to all circles possessing the slightest tincture of science as the man who could reconstruct an entire extinct animal if he gave him the fragment of a fossil tooth. The public would not buy his books, but they showed their appreciation of his genius in various simple minded fashions. All reports about the sea serpent were referred to him for examination.

People who fancied that they had found live toads imbedded in rock or coal went to ask him what he thought of it. One day, just as he was setting out to keep a dinner engagement, he was detained for half an hour by a note from a stranger wanting to know whether something he had found in a sausage was or was not the tooth of a dinosaur. He was called at the door and asked to see the tooth of a dinosaur. To the credit of the sausage vendor it proved to be the tooth of a sucking pig.

On another occasion, Earl Russell, having received a present from President Grant what purported to be a bear hair, sent the bone for examination to Owen. One is sorry to hear that the great anatomist at once pronounced it to be the bone of an ordinary pig—London Academy.

His Modest Epitaph.

There are those who take the precaution to buy their own monuments and tombstones and write their epitaphs themselves. What special comfort can get out of this is not clear, but that is their business. We recall, for instance, a fellow of a fellow who had been found guilty of a very cruel murder in one of the Connecticut towns and was sentenced to die on the gallows. A few days before his execution he was called at the cell and asked whether there was anything he wanted to have done with him to have done in postmortem arrangements. The man said that he would leave with the lawyer a sum sufficient for the purchase of a stone to be erected at the head of the grave and bearing the simple inscription: "Sacred to the memory of — Died — (name and date we omit). Of such is the kingdom of heaven."—Buffalo Commercial.

Woman's Visual Angle.

"Have you eyes in the back of your head?" asked a country doctor of a woman, and the woman promptly replied that she had. She was perfectly right. Take any average man and any average woman, question them as to the dress and deportment of the people in any assembly where they were together, and you will find that the woman has seen more than the man, for woman has been compelled to enlarge the angle of her vision and to see all around her hat without shifting an eye.

From an early age instinct tells the girl, and convention seals the instinct, that she must not look directly at the man in the street, therefore the honest woman walks through London looking straight ahead. The direct look at the stranger is forbidden, yet human curiosity compels, so develops and enlarges that angle of vision, for no woman will deliberately blind herself, and therefore by continual exercise those calm conventional eyes that look to the horizon and the infinite have trained themselves to see the world out of the corners—obliquely.—London Chronicle.

Be Ready For the Opportunity.

People are apt to think that, though their actual lives are poor and self centered and such as they are half ashamed of, if some great crisis arose they would be able to doubt their halting will and raise themselves to its height. Yes, no doubt. Only life's sternest calls never come in any such fashion. Things don't arrange themselves for us to gather up our feeble will and settle with our souls that we will be heroes. They come hard and sharply, testing not what we are resolved to be, but simply what we are. We have a sort of feeling that it is the opportunity that makes the man. Not so. The opportunity only shows him for what he is, and the spirit of prompt duty, of quick, instinctive loyalty to right under whatever temptation may ever come, may be cultivated and grow to the very capacity for heroism even in life's lowliest place and poorest work.

J. W. ROYER, M. D.,
Practising Physician,
TRAPPE, Pa. Office at his residence, nearly opposite Masonic Hall.

M. Y. WEBER, M. D.,
Practising Physician,
EVANSBURG, Pa. Office Hours: Until 9 a. m. 7 to 9 p. m. Keystone Phone No. 17.

E. A. KRUSEN, M. D.,
Homeopathic Physician,
COLLEGEVILLE, Pa. Office Hours: Until 9 a. m. 6 to 8 p. m.

S. B. HORNING, M. D.,
Practising Physician,
EVANSBURG, Pa. Telephone Office. Office Hours until 9 a. m.

J. H. HAMER, M. D.,
Homeopathic Physician,
COLLEGEVILLE, Pa. Office Hours: Until 10 a. m. From 9 to 10 p. m. Special attention given to ear, nose and throat diseases. 234a.

THE INDEPENDENT

Published Every Thursday.

COLLEGEVILLE, MONTG. CO., PA.

E. S. MOSER, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

THURSDAY, OCTOBER 5, 1905.

EX-SHERIFF JOHN LARZELERE says he will not be a candidate on the Democratic ticket for the Assembly next year. How consoling, this information.

THE apparent difference between "high finance" and grand larceny depends altogether upon the point of view taken. Some of the big soundbells will get their dues by and by.

FROM the New York Press:—"The man who has to pay taxes on what he owns grumbles more than the one who doesn't own anything on which to pay taxes." Except about election time. Then there are notable exceptions.

THE editor observes that one of his former pupils in days gone by is capable of saying some pretty sharp things in print. Strange, too, after the lessons in docile literature received in his youth. We have reference to editor Addison, of the Hatfield Times.

AT the hour of going to press the campaign in this county is quiet enough to be asleep. Even the old soldiers who were pointing their scalping knives toward Mr. Wells seem to have settled down by the river just to see the boats go by.

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT has ended his vacation at Oyster Bay and renewed his vigorous attention to Governmental affairs at Washington. It is announced that he has undergone no change of opinion as to the necessity for stifling railroad rebates, and that he intends to give the Consular service a shaking up.

A CORPORATION of women has been formed in Indianapolis, Ind., for the purpose of building small but artistic houses for people of moderate means. All of the directors are business women. But they can't vote for Governor or President. That's where the illiterates and imbeciles outrank the intelligent women of the country.

THE Department of Agriculture reports that from 75 to 90 per cent. of the corn is safe from frost, and the rest will be in another week. Secretary Wilson adds as the result of his own observation that the reports of enormous crops are not exaggerations. In the Dakotas the small grain crops are the best for six or seven years, and in half a dozen of the Northwestern States the corn crop is the best ever known.

SINCE Mr. Plummer and Mr. Berry both use free passes on sundry railroads, in one respect at least they stand upon an equal footing in the glaring limelight of publicity. Mr. Plummer's neighbors affirm that he is a church member in good standing, and Mr. Berry declared at Norristown: "I am a Methodist." After all, what the voters should know is: Which is the better man to fill the office of State Treasurer of Pennsylvania.

THE editor, in the spirit of fairness, would admonish Friday not to circulate the report that Congressman Wanger went to Panama to escape eloquent interest in the present campaign in this county. Mr. Wanger is a member of a Congressional committee to enquire into the progress of Uncle Sam's big canal building operations and incidentally, perhaps, to philosophize upon the difference between the microbes and mosquitoes of the torrid zone and those of regions somewhat remote from the equatorial line. If Friday desired a position as a valet on that Congressional trip why didn't he speak out in time?

ON Saturday the Henry Lear case jury, at the close of the third trial of the defendant in Philadelphia, rendered a verdict of guilty on the count that involved the cashing of a \$10,000 check when he was President of the Doylestown Bank. The previous trials resulted in the disagreement of the juries. Sentence will be deferred, pending the determination of legal points at issue in a higher court. Poor Lear, once honored as one of the most foremost citizens of Bucks county, now in the slough of despair and humiliation. And yet it is hard for those who lost their hard earnings in his broken bank to pity him. Yes, hard.

A DISPATCH from Wilkes-Barre reads: "The State Board of Health expects now a secondary outbreak of typhoid fever at Nanticoke, where there are already over 400 cases. Dr. F. C. Johnson, in charge of the fight against the epidemic, says they develop from the infection from existing cases and that great caution must be exercised in fighting it." It is further stated that many of the recent victims are those who belittled the advice of the Board of Health to boil the water they used. The penalty of ignorance, and a certain form of smartness that is sometimes worse than ignorance, is frequently death. "And the dead know not anything," neither can they learn to know.

UNITED STATES SENATOR PHILANDER C. KNOX has furnished a statement to the general public wherein he expresses his purpose to vote the Republican ticket straight at the election next month. He does not even intimate how he might vote if he lived in Philadelphia. It would be unkind on the part of a discriminating and critical public to expect the Senator to get into a political hodge and receive a scorching, for the especial edification of either "Gang"-men, Reformers or Democrats. The Senator is wily. He could do nothing less than announce his avowal to support Mr. Plummer, if he would remain in good standing with the Regulars in the State. As for the Philadelphia contingent, he has location quite in his favor and takes advantage of the fact. A congratulatory letter from Mr. Root to Mr. Knox would serve as an interesting bit of epistolary literature.

WASHINGTON LETTER.

From Our Regular Correspondent.

WASHINGTON, D. C. Sept. 28, 1905.—Nothing has caused more talk recently in official and diplomatic circles than the publication of the text of the new Anglo-Panama treaty that was signed on Aug. 12 and has just been formally announced by

the British government. The terms of the treaty are favorably received here and it is said that it will do a great deal toward insuring the peace of the world for the next decade. It is even suggested that it will do much to promote the cause of universal disarmament. Certainly it looks as though it would render war more unprofit-

able and costly than ever, for there are no two powers that would ever combine that would relish the job of attacking Japan and Great Britain simultaneously.

It is a matter of some comment that Germany was pointedly ignored by Great Britain in announcing the terms of the treaty though the other great powers interested were officially notified. Of course the inclusion of India as one of the specifically mentioned in the offensive and defensive alliance was a warning to Russia to keep her hands off. The combination with Japan ought to do a great deal to lay the ghost that has been troubling Great Britain on her Afghan frontier for two score years. The treaty assures the maintenance of status quo in Far East. It guarantees to France undisturbed possession of Indo China and makes Great Britain secure in the Yangtze Valley, while it assures to Japan all that she has won in the war. Of course the settlement assures Germany of her 200 square miles of territory at Kiau Chow, but it is a distinct warning to her that her designs on the whole of the rich province of Shantung as a German sphere of influence can never be realized. That is where the shoe pinches and it is not likely that Germany will regard the treaty with any enthusiasm. The State Department professes itself satisfied with the outcome of affairs as the treaty assures the "open door" policy in China which was one of the dreams of the late Secretary Hay. Of course Japan is satisfied with the open door because she knows that she is the nearest one to the door. With her immense resources in manufacturing which are sure to be developed after the war, she will be in a position to supply China with the bulk of manufactures that China is willing to take. Japan will not be at all backward either in "creating a long-felt want" for manufactured goods to which the bulk of the Chinese are now strangers. When she gets through pushing her trade in China, the rest of the world may take what they can get of what is left. But it is likely that in the long run Great Britain will be the greatest commercial sufferer by this alliance with the Yankees of the Orient. For it is her immense Chinese trade that will suffer first and most.

There is a good deal of quiet amusement displayed at the State Department over the war of words between the Kaiser and his late callers the party of American Congressmen who were received by him in private audience. It seems that the Kaiser talked a good deal, whether in confidence or not is not stated, regarding the Yellow Peril. It was really the Kaiser's famous cartoon that gave this name to militant Japan some years ago. The Kaiser believes implicitly in the reality of the peril and thought he would do a little quiet missionary work by talking it over with the American Congressmen. What was his disgust to find that his remarks were given out as the report of an interview with Congressman McNary of New York soon after the audience. He now accuses the Congressmen of having broken faith with him as well as misquoted him.

A very significant report has been issued by the Bureau of Labor that is sure to cause a lot of discussion. The report charges that the labor unions of this country have adopted the foreign method of "restricted output" as it is called. This is a policy that is much favored by labor unions abroad and scales down the work one man shall do in a day regardless of his capacity. It makes the best workman on a job the equal of the poorest and raises the cost of production by increasing the cost of labor. Naturally manufacturers object to it wherever introduced and when they cannot hold out against it they simply charge up the increased cost of goods to the purchaser whether the product be canned beef or a brick wall. The strongest unions are the ones which can best force this sort of an arrangement on a manufacturer and it is charged in the report that the restricted output is prevalent in the glass trade, the cigar trade and in many of the packing houses. In fact it is claimed by the packers that in spite of an advance of 12 1/2 per cent in wages in the past two years that the cost of labor has increased fifty per cent. In slaughter houses simply because the unions will not allow their men to work at their best speed.

The civil service pension list, a subject which has been broached at various times in the past, has come up again through an organization of clerks in the federal departments. This association has already held one meeting at which the chief speaker was W. E. Andrews, Auditor of the Treasury. Mr. Andrews was in favor of a common fund from which pensions could be drawn, the clerks to pay monthly dues of a small amount and thus relieve the general government of the cost of the pension list. He said that there was no chance of the pension law being enacted by Congress for many years to come if the government were made to foot the bill. He was also in favor of compulsory retirement of clerks at a certain age after which they should go on the pension list.

New Cure for Cancer.

All surface cancers are now known to be curable by Bucklen's Arnica Salve. Jas. Walters, of DuPont, Va., writes: "I had a cancer on my lip for years, that seemed incurable, till Bucklen's Arnica Salve healed it, and now it is perfectly well." Guaranteed cure for cuts and burns. See at Jos. W. Culbert's drug store.

5A

"Favorites" Everywhere
Horse Blankets
Wherever Horse Blankets are used, whether at the race track, on the street or in the stable, 5A HORSE BLANKETS are always "favorites." For over twenty-five years horsemen have found them to be the most serviceable, the strongest, the warmest and the best blankets for use indoors or out.
Your local dealer buys the long-wearing 5A BLANKETS direct from the factory, and can therefore sell them *cheaper* than dealers can sell inferior blankets purchased through a jobber at high prices.
Buy a 5A SQUARE BLANKET for street use.
Buy a 5A BIAS GIRTH BLANKET for stable.
Always look for the 5A Slay under Straps.
Made by WM. AYRES & SONS, Philadelphia, Pa.



In the Present INVESTIGATION

of the New York Life Insurance Company, Mr. Cromwell, Treasurer of the Mutual Life, in answer to a question, said, "The reason of our Company keeping on deposit such large sums in Trust Companies at 2 per cent. interest is because of safety—we could loan a great deal at 5 per cent., but not safely, and safety is our main concern."

PENN TRUST CO.

Cor. Main and Swede Sts.
NORRISTOWN, PA.

"The Company that pays 3% interest for every day the money is on deposit."

WANTED.

Farms and Country Property
—IN—
Collegeville and Vicinity.
No charge unless we secure you a purchaser. Drop us a postal and we will call or send a description.

GOTWALS & BEYER,
NORRISTOWN, PA.

YOU WILL MAKE NO MISTAKE

In making your purchases at FENTON'S STORE. Years of experience enables the proprietor to know just what to buy, how to buy, and how to sell the thousand and more articles kept in stock in a thoroughly equipped general store.

IN DRY GOODS, GROCERIES, DRIED FRUITS, CANNED GOODS, or in any department of the big store on the corner you will find what you want at the right price.

Ready-made Pantaloon and Overalls, and Shoes are among the specialties.

Crockery and Glassware, Paints, Oil, Putty, Hardware.

Gents' Furnishing Goods in variety.

W. P. FENTON,
COLLEGEVILLE, PA.

Summer Underwear

FOR ALL, - IN ALL SIZES. -
Collars, Ties, Suspenders, Lace Collars, Belts, Fancy Work, Muslins, Gingham, Ready-made Wrappers, Aprons, &c. Also DRESSMAKERS' SUPPLIES and all the little things you just need at

Mrs. Frances Barrett's,
MAIN ST., NEAR STATION,
COLLEGEVILLE, PA.

If you want a reliable place to get your family supplies and be sure of
FRESH, TENDER, nice HOME-DRESSED BEEF, VEAL, MUTTON, the most delicious SMOKED HAMS and BACON, the choicest of FRESH FRUITS and VEGETABLES, CANNED GOODS, &c., come to the COLLEGEVILLE MARKET, Main St., next to Post Office—don't stop to listen to HOT AIR blown by any peddler or peddlers of bull and cow meats about our meats—we guarantee every pound of fresh meat we sell to be killed and dressed in Montgomery county, and not an ounce of Chicago dressed or Bull Beef is ever sold by us.
Respectfully,
B. REDFIELD.
Fresh Fish every Wednesday, Thursday and Friday.

FALL Clothes — AND — = HATS =

Merchandise of merit from the best makers is the principal inducement to trade here—Prices next—New Styles just as soon as issued, are here for up-to-the-minute buyers.

NEW FALL SUITS \$8 to \$25.

When we say new suits we mean it—they're new. Coats longer, vents deeper and lapels larger. Of course you won't find this kind in most stores, but we're telling you about the new clothes here.

The best \$2.00 Hat

If two dollars is your price for a stiff or soft hat come straight here. Few hats that sell for \$2.50 are as good as our \$2.00 ones. They're to be had only here. All the New Styles, too. We believe we can sell you a better hat, at any price you want to pay, than you can get elsewhere. Sole agency for Dunlap Hats. Stiff Hats, \$1 to \$5.00. Soft Hats, 50c. to \$5.00.

ROOT'S POTTSTOWN HEADQUARTERS

— FOR —
BIRTHDAY
— AND —
WEDDING GIFTS!

See the handsome line of Art Pictures, Novelties, etc. All the new goods, the finest assortment

of up-to-date goods to be found anywhere. You are invited to call and inspect at the BOOK, STATIONERY and ART STORE OF

HORACE A. CUSTER,
231 HIGH STREET,
POTTSTOWN.

Laurels Again!
The Paris Exposition was awarded the Gold Medal Award to
I.W. HARPER KENTUCKY WHISKEY
Gold medals were also awarded at the Chicago 1893 and Chicago 1900.

For Sale by WM. F. A. TITUS.

Grand Annual Opening Ladies', Misses' and Children's Coats AND JACKETS, LADIES' TAILOR-MADE SUITS AND FURS, Thursday, Friday & Saturday OCTOBER 12, 13 AND 14.

Persons who attend this opening will have the pleasure of seeing the most fashionable and well made garments at popular prices. (Measures will be taken for special orders where perfect fits cannot be obtained out of stock.)

The Furs are from the same reliable furrier the store has been dealing with for the past twenty years. They are high grade pieces, not the product of sweat shops.

The Dress Goods display includes foreign and domestic weaves in all colors from 25 cents to \$1.50 a yard. The assortment consists of Prunellas, Melrose, Granites, Collingdale, Henriettas, Batistes, Panamas, Lansdowne, Serges, Monraves, and Broadcloths. Included in the showing are the newest productions in

SILKS.

Plaid Silks, Plain Silks, Taffetas, Chiffon Taffetas, China Silks, Pean de Soie and Pean de Cyne. We are exclusive handlers of Never-Tear Taffetta Silk, all shades, at 50 cts. a yard. These silks are exceedingly fine for lining, as they do not cut, nor rip.

BRENDLINGERS NORRISTOWN.

FALL and WINTER Suits & Overcoats

Our store is packed with new suits and overcoats for men, young men, boys and children, selected with great care from the best houses in the country. Our garments show first-class workmanship, top-top trimmings; the canvas in our suits is all shrunk, consequently our suits keep the shape. We handle no sweatshop goods. Furthermore, we do not misrepresent anything we sell. Are satisfied with a small margin of profit and our prices are lower than anywhere else. In fact our store is the only place where you can get full value for your money.

Our Men's Suits
RANGING IN PRICE
From \$5 to \$18.00
are made of the latest fabrics, fancy stripes and plaid worsted and chevrons; double and single breasted black suits of Clay unfinished worsted and thibet.

The Prevailing Styles
For Young Men
are double breasted worsted and overcoat plaid chevrons, all sizes, prices from \$5 to \$14.00.
We never got the big and little boys. We have a good assortment in suits and overcoats and think we can suit you.

Spring and Fall Overcoats
IN LIGHT TOP COAT AND LONG OXFORD
From \$7.50 to \$15.00
Do not forget if you want a raincoat, we have them on hand at \$10 and \$15. For the same raincoat you pay in the city \$14 and \$20. You will make a great mistake if you don't come to our store. We can save you money.

HERMAN WETZEL
66 and 68 E. Main St.,
NORRISTOWN, PA.
Store closes Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday at 6 p. m. Monday and Friday at 9 p. m. Saturday at 10 o'clock.

NEW FALL GOODS — AT — RAMBO'S

Choice new things in Dress Goods. Early purchasing of our Fall Stock enables us to secure them at old prices, so that there need not be any advance in our prices, except in a few instances.

Dress Goods for Tailored Suits in variety, from 48c. to \$1.98. Gray will be one of the leading shades and we have them in Wool Crash, one of the leaders for fall. Then, too, we have some choice Invisible Plaids in the popular shades. For Gowns lighter weight material will be used. Henriettas, Surah Serges, Batistes and Mohairs. Cloths suitable for Ladies' and Children's Coats, 75c. to \$1.98.

A large assortment of Rain-Proof Cloth, \$1.00 to \$1.98. Wool Waistings are coming into favor. We have them from 15c. to 75c. a yard. New Flannellettes 64c. to 12c., 36 in. only 12c. Choice designs for Kimonas and Wrappers.

We venture the assertion that we have the largest assortment and choicest line of Outing Flannels in town, 4c. up. Compare our 9c. quality with those other stores ask 10c. for.

A full line of White and Colored Wool Flannels at popular prices. White Donet Flannels, 4c. to 12c. New Prints and Percales. A large assortment of New Dress Trimmings.

Underwear suitable for the season for men, women and children. As usual our Hosiery stock is very large. Special values in Children's Hosiery at 10c., 12c., 15c., 19c. and 25c.

Butterick's Patterns and periodicals.

C. W. RAMBO,
229 High Street. Pottstown, Pa.

PERRIEN VALLEY Mutual Fire Insurance Co. of Montgomery County.
Incorporated May 13, 1871.
Insures Against Fire and Storm.
INSURANCE IN FORCE, \$9,000,000.
Office of the Company:
COLLEGEVILLE, PA.
A. D. FETTEROLF, SECRETARY.
H. W. KRATZ, President, Norristown, Pa.
Regular office day of the Secretary, Friday of each week; also every evening.

HORACE STORB
Marble
—AND—
Granite
Works,
149 High St.
POTTSTOWN, PENN'A.
Designs and Estimates Furnished Free of Charge.

RAILROADS.

Philadelphia & Reading Railway

Engines Burn Hard Coal—No Smoke

IN EFFECT NOVEMBER 27, 1904

Trains Leave Collegeville.

For PERKINSON JUNCTION, NORRISTOWN AND PHILADELPHIA—Week days—6:14, 7:46, 11:24 a. m.; 6:05 p. m.
Sundays—6:38 a. m.; 6:23 p. m.
For ALLENTOWN—Week days—7:32, 11:04 a. m.; 3:22, 6:05 p. m. Sundays—7:30 a. m.; 7:30 p. m.

Trains For Collegeville.

LEAVE PHILADELPHIA—Week days—6:05, 9:35 a. m.; 1:35, 4:35 p. m.
Sundays—6:05 a. m.; 1:35 p. m.
LEAVE BRIDGETOWN—Week days—2:10, 3:40, 7:45 a. m.; 6:50 p. m.
LEAVE NORRISTOWN—6:55, 10:25 a. m.; 5:25 p. m.
LEAVE PERKINSON JUNCTION—Week days—7:17, 10:47 a. m.; 3:02, 5:50 p. m.
Sundays—8:13 a. m.; 7:22 p. m.
LEAVE ALLENTOWN—Week days—4:07, 6:34, 9:45 a. m.; 4:35 p. m. Sundays—4:45 a. m.; 4:45 p. m.

ATLANTIC CITY R. R.

From Chestnut Street Ferry.

For South Street see time tables at stations.

WEEKDAYS.

ATLANTIC CITY.	ATLANTIC CITY.	CAPE MAY.
6:30 a. m. Lel.	6:00 p. m. Ex.	8:50 a. m. Lel.
9:00 a. m. Lel.	9:00 p. m. Ex.	1:40 p. m. Lel.
11:30 a. m. Lel.	11:30 p. m. Ex.	4:40 p. m. Lel.
1:00 p. m. Lel.	1:00 p. m. Ex.	6:40 p. m. Lel.
2:00 p. m. Lel.	2:00 p. m. Ex.	8:40 a. m. Lel.
4:00 p. m. Lel.	4:00 p. m. Ex.	1:40 p. m. Lel.
6:00 p. m. Lel.	6:00 p. m. Ex.	4:40 p. m. Lel.
8:30 p. m. Lel.	8:30 p. m. Ex.	6:40 p. m. Lel.

SUNDAYS.

ATLANTIC CITY.	CAPE MAY.	OSCEOLA CITY.
6:30 a. m. Lel.	7:30 a. m. Lel.	7:50 a. m. Lel.
9:00 a. m. Lel.	9:00 a. m. Lel.	9:00 a. m. Lel.
11:30 a. m. Lel.	11:30 a. m. Lel.	11:30 a. m. Lel.
1:00 p. m. Lel.	1:00 p. m. Lel.	1:00 p. m. Lel.
2:00 p. m. Lel.	2:00 p. m. Lel.	2:00 p. m. Lel.
4:00 p. m. Lel.	4:00 p. m. Lel.	4:00 p. m. Lel.
6:00 p. m. Lel.	6:00 p. m. Lel.	6:00 p. m. Lel.
8:30 p. m. Lel.	8:30 p. m. Lel.	8:30 p. m. Lel.

A. T. DICE, EDSON J. WEEKS,
Gen'l Superintendent. Gen'l Pass. Agent.

Gen'l Superintendent. Gen'l Pass. Agent.

Gen'l Superintendent. Gen'l Pass. Agent.

Gen'l Superintendent. Gen'l Pass. Agent.

Gen'l Superintendent. Gen'l Pass. Agent.

Gen'l Superintendent. Gen'l Pass. Agent.

Gen'l Superintendent. Gen'l Pass. Agent.

Gen'l Superintendent. Gen'l Pass. Agent.

Gen'l Superintendent. Gen'l Pass. Agent.

Gen'l Superintendent. Gen'l Pass. Agent.

Gen'l Superintendent. Gen'l Pass. Agent.

Gen'l Superintendent. Gen'l Pass. Agent.

Gen'l Superintendent. Gen'l Pass. Agent.

Gen'l Superintendent. Gen'l Pass. Agent.

Gen'l Superintendent. Gen'l Pass. Agent.

Gen'l Superintendent. Gen'l Pass. Agent.

Gen'l Superintendent. Gen'l Pass. Agent.

Gen'l Superintendent. Gen'l Pass. Agent.

Gen'l Superintendent. Gen'l Pass. Agent.

Gen'l Superintendent. Gen'l Pass. Agent.

Gen'l Superintendent. Gen'l Pass. Agent.

Gen'l Superintendent. Gen'l Pass. Agent.

Gen'l Superintendent. Gen'l Pass. Agent.

Gen'l Superintendent. Gen'l Pass. Agent.

Gen'l Superintendent. Gen'l Pass. Agent.

Gen'l Superintendent. Gen'l Pass. Agent.

Gen'l Superintendent. Gen'l Pass. Agent.

Gen'l Superintendent. Gen'l Pass. Agent.

Gen'l Superintendent. Gen'l Pass. Agent.

Gen'l Superintendent. Gen'l Pass. Agent.

Gen'l Superintendent. Gen'l Pass. Agent.

Gen'l Superintendent. Gen'l Pass. Agent.

Gen'l Superintendent. Gen'l Pass. Agent.

Gen'l Superintendent. Gen'l Pass. Agent.

Gen'l Superintendent. Gen'l Pass. Agent.

Gen'l Superintendent. Gen'l Pass. Agent.

Gen'l Superintendent. Gen'l Pass. Agent.

Gen'l Superintendent. Gen'l Pass. Agent.

Gen'l Superintendent. Gen'l Pass. Agent.

Gen'l Superintendent. Gen'l Pass. Agent.

Gen'l Superintendent. Gen'l Pass. Agent.

Gen'l Superintendent. Gen'l Pass. Agent.

Gen'l Superintendent. Gen'l Pass. Agent.

Gen'l Superintendent. Gen'l Pass. Agent.

Gen'l Superintendent. Gen'l Pass. Agent.

Gen'l Superintendent. Gen'l Pass. Agent.

Gen'l Superintendent. Gen'l Pass. Agent.

Gen'l Superintendent. Gen'l Pass. Agent.

Gen'l Superintendent. Gen'l Pass. Agent.

Gen'l Superintendent. Gen'l Pass. Agent.

Gen'l Superintendent. Gen'l Pass. Agent.

Gen'l Superintendent. Gen'l Pass. Agent.

Gen'l Superintendent. Gen'l Pass. Agent.

Gen'l Superintendent. Gen'l Pass. Agent.

Gen'l Superintendent. Gen'l Pass. Agent.

Gen'l Superintendent. Gen'l Pass. Agent.

Gen'l Superintendent. Gen'l Pass. Agent.

Gen'l Superintendent. Gen'l Pass. Agent.

Gen'l Superintendent. Gen'l Pass. Agent.

Gen'l Superintendent. Gen'l Pass. Agent.

Gen'l Superintendent. Gen'l Pass. Agent.

Gen'l Superintendent. Gen'l Pass. Agent.

Gen'l Superintendent. Gen'l Pass. Agent.

Gen'l Superintendent. Gen'l Pass. Agent.

Gen'l Superintendent. Gen'l Pass. Agent.

Gen'l Superintendent. Gen'l Pass. Agent.

Gen'l Superintendent. Gen'l Pass. Agent.

Gen'l Superintendent. Gen'l Pass. Agent.

Gen'l Superintendent. Gen'l Pass. Agent.

Gen'l Superintendent. Gen'l Pass. Agent.

Gen'l Superintendent. Gen'l Pass. Agent.

Gen'l Superintendent. Gen'l Pass. Agent.

Gen'l Superintendent. Gen'l Pass. Agent.

Gen'l Superintendent. Gen'l Pass. Agent.

Gen'l Superintendent. Gen'l Pass. Agent.

Gen'l Superintendent. Gen'l Pass. Agent.

Gen'l Superintendent. Gen'l Pass. Agent.

Gen'l Superintendent. Gen'l Pass. Agent.

Gen'l Superintendent. Gen'l Pass. Agent.

Gen'l Superintendent. Gen'l Pass. Agent.

Gen'l Superintendent. Gen'l Pass. Agent.

Gen'l Superintendent. Gen'l Pass. Agent.

Gen'l Superintendent. Gen'l Pass. Agent.

Gen'l Superintendent. Gen'l Pass. Agent.

Gen'l Superintendent. Gen'l Pass. Agent.

Gen'l Superintendent. Gen'l Pass. Agent.

Gen'l Superintendent. Gen'l Pass. Agent.

Gen'l Superintendent. Gen'l Pass. Agent.

Gen'l Superintendent. Gen'l Pass. Agent.

Gen'l Superintendent. Gen'l Pass. Agent.

Gen'l Superintendent. Gen'l Pass. Agent.

Gen'l Superintendent. Gen'l Pass. Agent.

Gen'l Superintendent. Gen'l Pass. Agent.

Gen'l Superintendent. Gen'l Pass. Agent.

Gen'l Superintendent. Gen'l Pass. Agent.

Gen'l Superintendent. Gen'l Pass. Agent.

Carriage Building.

Repairing of all kinds promptly done. Rubber Tires on two wheels or banes a specialty.

Painting & Varnishing

Blacksmithing and Horse Shoeing in charge of a competent mechanic.

R. H. GRATER.

COLLEGEVILLE, PA.

Keystone Phone No. 41.

THE POTATO.

Notes From a Practical Experience of Seventeen Years.

By W. T. MACOUN, experimental farm, Canada.

There is no farm crop the yield of which can be increased so much by one season's work as the potato. Potatoes have been grown at the rate of over 700 bushels per acre in small plots at the central experimental farm. The average yield for the whole of Canada was about 125 bushels per acre when the last census was taken in 1901. Potatoes succeed best in a moist, somewhat cloudy and temperate climate and in rich, deep, friable, warm, sandy loam soil with natural drainage, a constant though not too great a supply of moisture and plenty of decayed or decaying vegetable matter.

A crop of 200 bushels of potatoes, exclusive of the potato tops, removes from the soil approximately forty pounds nitrogen, twenty phosphoric acid and seventy pounds potash.

Potatoes succeed well after clover, there being an average increase in a three years' test of thirty-seven bushels per acre where clover was used than where it was not.

Heavy manuring with barnyard manure is not recommended. The use of a moderate quantity is advised, applied on the clover in the autumn. If used in spring the manure should be well rotted.

Chemical fertilizers if used should be applied at the rate of 500 to 600 pounds or more per acre in the proportion of 250 pounds nitrate of soda, 350 pounds superphosphate and 200 pounds sulphate of potash or muriate of potash.

The soil should be thoroughly prepared. The better the preparation the better the crop is likely to be. The crop of potatoes will usually increase in proportion to the amount of manure the potatoes are cultivated during the growing season. There was found to be an increase of forty bushels per acre in a crop of potatoes cultivated three times over those cultivated three times.

The crop of marketable potatoes can be almost doubled by having three weeks' growth in September.

Potato tops should be protected from insects and disease, as the yield will be in proportion to the leaves uninjured.

DRY WINES.

The Main Point as Deduced From Methods of Foreign Countries.

E. T. Bioletti of the University of California recently visited the chief wine producing regions of Europe and Algeria for the purpose of studying the methods of wine making that are adapted to hot climates. In a recent publication on the manufacture of dry wines in hot countries Mr. Bioletti records the main lessons of practical importance for the wine maker in California. The wine maker should be able to make use of cooling machines a practical success, while here little or no progress has been made in this direction. The reason is to be found probably in the lack of a real appreciation of the need and use of cool fermentation among the wine makers of the regions where dry wines are usually made and the difficulty of applying known methods in the hotter regions, where the cellars are nearly all of great size.

"With regard to the first, there is undoubtedly a very general lack of realization of the benefits to be derived from fermenting wines at a low temperature. A wine which attains a temperature of 95 to 100 degrees F. during fermentation will never have the freshness, bouquet and general high quality of